set' in their ways, and you can't change

UNITED LABOR'S NOMINEES.

THE MEN WHO LEAD HENRY GEORGE'S

Young Lawyers Who by Hard Work Have Become Candidates for Judicial Offices some Adventurous Careers—War Veterans on the Ticket-Workingmen Not Heretofore Prominent in Politics New Running.



wishes to know all about the candidates who solicit his ballot at the election next November. THE EVEN-ING WORLD therefore publishes to-day pen sketches of the county and city nominees on the United Labor party ticket. Several of the gentlemen have very interesting histories. and the accounts of them given below will aid the intelligent voter

greatly in his search

Leaders of the United Labor party are proud of their ticket and declare the list of candidates to be as good as was ever placed in the field in this city.

Abner C. Thomas, candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, is well known among his fellow-lawyers as the author of a work on the mortgage laws of this State. He was born in Brooklyn on Jan. 3, 1844, and is a son of the late Rev. Abell C. Thomas, pastor of the First Universalist Church of that city. Mr. Thomas was educated in the public schools of Phildelphia, and obtained a degree as civil engineer in the Personal Annee C. THOMAS.

a degree as civil engineer in the Pennsyl. ABNER C. THOMAS. vania Polytechnic School. In 1862 he joined a surveying party and aided in laying out the line of the Philadelphia and Eric Railroad. line of the Philadelphis and Erie Railroad. He next surveyed a route for a railway from Hagerstown to Cumberland, Md. Tiring of engineering, Mr. Thomas turned to the law, and began his studies in this city. For a time he was in the office of Benedict & Boardman, and he was admitted to the Bar in 1866. In 1867 he and Congressman Stewart and Park Commissioner Lame formed the law firm of Stewart, Lane & Thomas, which continued three years, after which Mr. Thomas opened an office on his own account at No. 10 Wall street. Mr. Thomas has made a specialty of mortgage and land-title suits. He never took any active part in politics until last fall, when he joined the George movement. Until the nomination of Mr. Blaine he was a Republican, but after that event he joined the

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

[Continued from Friday's EVENING WORLD.]

tle place, it hardly de

nother, always in a

ing to the taste of the

a pretty place, but the

rooms were large, the

grounds around su-

strike you directly the

great gates swung to,

and you walked up the broad drive between

the chestnuts, firs and dark-colored beeches.

pointer and a tiny terrier, lay fast asleep,

Overhead the birds twittered softly. On the dew-damp grass, two huge mastiffs, a

nomination for the Mayoralty, and took an active part in the campaign of last fall. As a delegate from the Seventh District to the Syracuse Convention he created a sensation by his strong opposition to the Socialist del-

by his strong opposition to the Socialist delegates.

Mr. Dease's successful efforts in behalf of the licensed officers of steam vessels as against the local Inspectors of Steam Boilers gave him great prestige among the river men. For several years he has been associated with Lawyers Adolph Cohen, Edmund Bittiner and Isadore Osorio. He is a member of the State Bar Association and also of the National Board of Steam Navigation.

Morris W. Hart, also candidate for City Court Judge, was born in this city on July 4, 1855, his father being the first Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and one of the best Hebrew scholars in the city. After a public-school education Mr. Hart be came managing

became managing clerk for ex-Judge

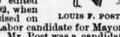
Dittenhofer, and, though too poor to study in college, he saved sufficient money 4:18 saudy in confere, he saved sufficient money to buy law books and knowledge of the law. His name came prominently before the public a few years ago owing to his vigorous effort to protect striking 'longshoremen. Mr. Hart was chairman of the monster George demonstration in Union Square last fall. He considers that lawyers are workingmen, but, as a rule, are controlled too much by corporations. Mr. Hart has been successful in his practice, one of his latest cases being that of Mary Holstein, who sued her employer for damages caused by the falling of a window. In this case Judge Naeher gave judgment for the plaintiff.

Frederick C. Lenbuscher, who is running

Frederick C. Leubuscher, who is rnnning

Frederick C. Leubuscher, who is rnnning for the position of Additional Criminal Court Judge, is a native of this city and is thirty years old. He is a graduate of the College of the City of New York and the Collumbia College Law School. He drafted the platform of the United Labor party last fall and was an ardent supporter of Twenty-third District. He was recently in-He was recently in-strumental in drafting FRED C. LEUBURCHER

the bill providing for a fifth Election Inspec-tor to represent the United Labor party and has done good service on the Law Committee



HIS SECRET.

heads, stooping down to the tiny terrier; then took some sweet biscuits from her pocket, and fed them.

Looking at her, one could not help noticing the unusual width of the high, white forehead, the fulness of the brow, the deepset eyes, green as the eyes of genius are said to be. The lower part of the face was weak as the other was strong; the mouth drooped at the corners, and the chin receded until it was almost lost in the fulness of the neck.

Such was Kate Nolan, cousin of Miss Selwyn. As a baby she had been beautiful and straight as any mother could wish; but a careless nurse had let her fall, the little spine had been injured, and year by year the back had grown worse and worse. When child-hood lapsed into girlhood it found her a hunchback; no skill could cure her. Strong, with the strength which is often given to the afflicted, she must live her life through an object of pity to her fellow women and men, HOUGH Max Selwyn called the Hollies a litwas a long low house, to which numerous rooms had been added served the title. It different style, accordinhabiter. It was not

with the strength which is which is afflicted, she must live her life through an object of pity to her fellow women and men, if not worse. Never was she heard to complain, never was she anything but cheerful and bright when others were by; but when alone in her chamber—oh, the bitter, useless tears flowed then!

"All at once the dogs forsook her, scampering towards the house and returning with Max, lavishing upon him all the caresses and love they had lately given to the woman.

"Up first, as usual. Kate?" he said, laying one hand lightly upon her shoulder: "what a good child you are!"

"The weak mouth trembled for a moment, and a dark, unbecoming flusn swept the pale face. grounds around su-perb, and the river ran merrily through them. It was just the place for an author to place for an author to

face.
"I wanted to get that finished," she an-"I wanted to get that finished," she answered; "it is done now, ready for the publishers. I hope you will be pleased."
"I am sure to be," he returned. "It's the last two chapters, isn't it? I'll just run through them after breakfast. Oh! and Kate, by the way, Lady Dolan was talking about my books last night; she remarked what others have remarked before, that my women characters are real, my men, ideal. We must try to alter that."
A faint smile crossed her lips in answer to his meaning look, and she said, decisively:
"It shall be altered."
"They are coming this afternoon."
"So Honor has told me," she answered, a little wearily. "I had hoped that we should have a little quiet; it is painful to me to meet strangers."

pointer and a tiny terrier, lay fast asleep, blinking their eyes now and then, and pricking up their ears even in their sleep, when the rooks in the poplars started their morning hymn of discord and praise.

Suddenly, the four dogs raised their heads; then leaping to their feet, bounded off towards the house, barking joyonsly, and expressing delight in every way in their power. A door of the house had opened, and a woman came out—a woman in age, but a child in growth; an undersized, misgrown, hunchbacked piece of humanity, with a face upon which intellect only had set its stamp, and with which beauty had scorned to become acquainted.

with which beauty had scorned to become acquainted.

"Good dogs," she said, speaking in a voice which was wonderfully soft and beautiful, and which seemed almost out of place coming from her lips—"good boys."

She put out her hand, and patted their She looked at him for a moment with her strange, clever eyes, then turned her head and just touched the hand that rested upon

Congress and afterwards for Attorney-General on the Greenback ticket. He was one of the first converts to Henry George's dectrines in this city. At present he is associated with Messra, Ashton & Fromme in the practice of law, his offices being at Ko. 21 Fark was born his one ventrul a history at Fatrick Doody, the momines for comptroller. He was born his city at the age of six years. In Ireland forty-three years ago, and reached his city at the age of six years. In August, 1822, he caught the war feet and enlisted in Company E, 64th New York Volunteers, of the famous Irish Legion of Hancock's corps, Col. James C. Burke being the first regimental commander. Mr. Doody took part in the engagements at Zunic, the Deserted House, Suffolk, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, all the bloody battles before Petersurial and Appomatox. During all the semipleyed he attended the Cooper Union in the regiment was so terribly decimated that only seventeen men were left to do duty out of 600 or more, and these Sergt. Doody alone commanded for a week. In July, 1885, he was mustered out of the service and he attended the Cooper Union in the regiment was so terribly decimated that only seventeen men were left to do duty out of 600 or more, and these Sergt. Doody alone commanded for a week. In July, 1885, he was mustered out of the service and he attended the Cooper Union in the regiment was so terribly decimated that only seventeen men were left to do duty out of 600 or more, and these Sergt. Doody alone commanded for a week. In July, 1885, he was mustered out of the service and he attended the Cooper Union in the service and he attended the Cooper Union in the service and diploma. For six years Mr. Doody was the trusted agent of P. H. Frost, a retired merchant, and during that time he collected \$7,000,000 and accounted for every penny. Joining the literary class under the proposition of the first long assembly of the control of the service and the

tics, joining the Greenback-Labor party. He cast his first vote for Horatio Seymour for President in 1868, and afterwards acted independently in politics. He was one of six men who formed the first local assembly of the Knights of Labor in this city in 1881. Last year he joined the United Labor party, and at once became prominent, being at present a delegate from the Third Assembly District to the County General Committee and a member of the Executive Committee and a member of the Executive Committee of that body. Mr. Doody's nomination was entirely unsought, and was forced upon him after he positively declined to stand, Mr. Doody is adjutant of Michael Corcoran Post No. 424, G. A. R., and an active Irish Nationalist, He is unmarried and lives with a sister in Grand street. For ten years he has been the accountant in the printing house of Col. William T. DeLacy. Paul Mayer, who was selected for the office of Coroner, is a pleasant-faced, well-built them. Quaeckberner, I'll bet, has made you lots of trouble. I see he practises right into your hurdle-race path, when, if he would only face a little more toward the grand stand, his missile would land harmlessly on the turf. It was just the same way with Duncan C. Ross at Philadelphia." The Olympic Athletic Club and College of the City of New York football eleven will play an extra game of football on the Manhattan Athletic Club's grounds to-morrow. Some good kicking is certain.

Paul Mayer, who was selected for the office of Coroner, is a pleasant-faced, well-built man, of German birth.

He next surveyed a route for a gailway from Hagerstown to Cumberland, Md. Tring of the perivent on the Law Committee of the Law of the Barriero on the Law Committee of the Law of the Barriero on the Law Committee of the Law of the Barriero on the Law Committee of the Law of the Barriero on the Law Committee of the Law of the Barriero on the Law Committee of the Law of the Barriero on the Law Committee of the Law of the Barriero on the Law Committee of the Law of the Barriero on the Law Committee of the Law of the Barriero on the Law Committee of the Committee o

her shoulder with her lips; he stooped and broke a great red rose from off its mother not one letter, not one single semicolon, not

as she took it, and he laughed a low, musical laugh.

"Silly little Kate!" he said, speaking to the woman of forty as though she were a child; "Cousin Max isn't worth all your love. Now we must find a flower for Honor, or she will be jealous. Oh, dear me, what a dreadful thing it is to be a man!"

He laughed like a boy as he wandered from bush to bush, looking for a perfect flower for his daughter; it must not be plucked carelessly, as he plucked the one for Kate. Everywhere he went the dogs followed him, till the sound of a sweet voice singing sent them off to the house once more, and they came racing back at break-neck speed with Honor in their midst.

"Good morning, papa—naughty papa,"

came racing back at break-neck speed with Honor in their midst.

"Good morning, papa—naughty papa," she said, flinging her arms round his neck. "Do you know, sir, I am going to give you such a scolding this morning that you will wish yourself under the bedclothes again."

"What have I done now, Beauty?" he asked, trying the effect of the rose in her hair, at her breast and finally pinning it close up to her pretty chin. "What have you done?" she repeated. "Look at dear little Cousin Kate and you will find your answer. Does she look as though she had had a proper night's rest, or do her dear eyes look tired as though she had had a proper night's rest, or do her dear eyes look tired as though an inhuman monster, who shall be nameless in consideration of the feelings of one of us here present, had given her a lot of copying to do, which made her get up at four this morning and slave away till now"—

"My dear Honor"—

"Cousin Kate, do not interrupt me; you side with papa, of course, I always have to fight the two, but I will not have you

"Cousin Kate, do not interrupt me; you side with papa, of course, I always have to fight the two, but I will not have you killed. I am angry with you both; cannot the publishers wait, cannot the British public wait? Are we to be robbed of our most precious possession just because people are in a hurry for your new book? Let them wait. A nice thing it would be for you, papa, if cousin drooped and died from overwork. What would you do then, sir?"

"What, indeed!
"Who would you get to do your copying

"Who would you get to do your copying

"She lifted her father's arm, put it 'round her shoulders and held it there, then stretched out her other hand to her cousin. "Come along, you poor little tired dear," she said, "you must want your breakfast. Shall I give papa a flower, or shall I punish him some more?"

him some more?"
"Give him a flower." "Ah, cousin, you spoil him! It is well that he has a daughter to counteract your in-

fluence."

She plucked a tiny rose, and pinned it into his coat; then, with the dogs following them, they entered the house.

Breakfast was laid. Honor touched a small silver bell and the servants entered with the

silver bell and the servants entered with the dishes.

Looking round the room, the first thing which struck one was the air of extreme luxury. The high-backed oak chairs were covered with the richest silver plush; the silver was massive and beautiful; the linen fit for a queen's table. Upon the walls hung rare old prints, and here and there, upon brackets, precious old china. A Turkish carpet covered the centre of the polished floor, upon which the dogs basked contentedly in the sunbeams which came in from the windows. "Have the letters come, Josephs?" Honor asked of a servant.

"No, miss."
"Then I think for the future some one had better fetch them from the station."

"Yes, miss."
"That is one of the disadvantages of living in the country," Max said. "You are left to the tender mercies of the village postman, who is generally lame, or extremely old. I cannot enjoy my breakfast without my papers."

papers."
"Here they are, papa!" Honor cried—
"And the papers. Now we shall learn news
of our friends, and how our stocks stand.
I wonder which will interest us most?
Bring them here, Miles. Thank you. Times,
Standard and Morning Post for papa, three
letters and a circular; Society and two letters
for cousin, and one letter for me. Why, it's

BUILT BY YANKEE CRAFTSMEN.

Fine Ship of the Old Style Now in a Breeklyn Deck.

"Arrived-Ship Daniel I. Tenney, from Manilla, Capt. Wilson." In this fashion the ship news of the daily papers disposed of a beautiful model of the Yankee shipbuilder's art, the arrival of which in the good old days before steam succeeded sail whould have been an event of unusual importance. The ship is lying at Martin's Stores, Brook-

lyn, and is admired by hundreds of passengers on the Hamilton Ferry for her lofty gers on the Hamilton Ferry for her lofty spars and general ship-shape appearance. Her lines are not quite as fine as those of the old-time clippers, but she is a monument of strength. When an Evenino World reporter visited her she was as neat in appearance as if she was about to sail instead of just having finished a voyage of 172 days. The Tenney hails from Newbury-port, Mass. She is registered at 600 tons, but could easily stow away a thousand tons more than that. She has a flush deck and when one stands at the taffrail and looks towards the bows, she has more the appearance of a man-of-war than a sailing

and when one stands at the taffrail and looks towards the bows, she has more the appearance of a man-of-war than a sailing ship. The standing rigging is usually heavy. The butt of the mainmast is more than three feet in diameter. It is easy to see that she is a Yankee ship from her general air of tidiness. No yacht in New York Bay has a cleaner deck. Every rope is neatly coiled on the belaying pins, and there is not a spot of dirt from her stern to her wheel.

The mainmast from deck to main-top is about forty feet, and the maintopmast and main royal-topmast reach about fifty feet above that. The mainyard is a massive stick, fifty feet or so long.

The galley and carpenter's house are just abaft the foremast, and the sailors' kitchen is as clean as a New England housewife's. The companionway is abaft the mizzenmast and is covered by a deck-hous; half of which is used as a temporary shelter for the captain in time of storm, being fitted up with a bunk. It is so near the wheel that the steersman can call the captain without leaving his post. The cabin is reached by a broad staircase of hard wood and is finished in fine polished mahogany. On the starboard side are doors leading to the staterooms of the mates, which are quite large and comfortable. On the port side are the pantry and steward's quarters. The captain's cabin is right in the stern of the ship, and it is a model of comfort and elegance. Capt. Wilson's wife and young son accompany him on his voyages.

The steward is a young Chinaman, and in consequence of the law prohibiting the landing of natives of the Flowery Kingdom, customs inspectors have to keep the deck in order to watch him and prevent him from escaping to Mott street.

The talk of forming a new trotting association is of a most cloudy character. The trouble with trotting in this city is it's old-fashioned and slow. Who is going to stay up at Fleetwood all the afternoon to see a few third-raters meander through a half-score of heats and invest money by slow pools when right up at Jerome or down at Sheepshead or Monmouth big fields of fleet runners, the cracks of the country, are making the dollars fly. One great drawback to the success of trotting in this city is that a lot of the Driving Club's members are interested only in roadsters, don't care much for any sort of race meetings, and run them when compelled by the clamor of the other members to do it at all simply as a pastime, not as a business. escaping to Mott street.

WORN AT A MATINEE.

A very quiet and unpretentious walking costume of light brown camel's-hair cloth was worn by a lady who took a back seat. Cloth trimmings in neat, regular folds and linen collars and cuffs were very becoming to the wearer. A lady with light hair who sat in the centre

of one of the front rows wore an absolutely plain black silk dress, with a glittering fichu collarette of jet. Her gloves were of the brightest primrose tint, and in her bonnet were yellow feathers and ribbons.

by the claimor of the other members to do it at all simply as a pastime, not as a business. It is possible some live business man might make a success of a trotting meeting in this city, but the chances are the American sport of trotting races must give way to the older one—running. A portly lady, who was fortunate enough to have an empty seat on either side where she could place her wraps, were an electric blue cashmere, with a blue braided vest and skirt panel. In her bonnet were electric blue and old-gold feathers, with bows of ribbon of the same colors. The heat race at Clifton yesterday brought out a wonderful exhibition of gameness by Adolph. He went so lame in the second heat his jockey was given the usual permission to dismount without an attempt at riding back to the judges' stand. Twenty minutes' doctoring brought the horse around so that he won the third heat from Battledore, but he must have suffered terribly.

Several very young girls were dark-red felt hats and jackets of fancy striped cloth, with beads. They had evidently been shopping and had not "dressed" for the theatre. A great many ladies are partial to matinées, for the simple reason that they are not called upon to make elaborate toilets. There will be no billiard tournament in New York this fall all the experts agree, and unless the Westerners get tired of Schaefer's and Slosson's piggishness, as Sexton says they will soon, there is a poor prospect for caroms in the spring. "What billiards need," said Maurice Daly yesterday, "is a record-breaking wonder such as Ed Mc-Laughlin once gave promise of being. We want a John L. Sullivan of billiards; then there would be no end of excitement."

upon to make elaborate toilets.

A comely little woman, who sat in one of the front seats at the Bijou Opera House matinée yesterday afternoon, wore a tightly-fitting ulster of soft French gray cloth, with a long hood lined with satin of the same tint. She did not divest herself of this garment, and, with her pretty corsage bouquet of pink roses, every matinée requirement was fulfilled.

Prof. Gray's Drendful Blunder.

Ed. Weinacht, Eltz's partner, is a young giant. He is a Spartan Harrier of high de-gree and can run like a locomotive. He al-ways rows bareheaded and wears a smile. [From the Burlington Free Press.] Miss De Smith (who wants the sugar)--Prof. Gray, will you please pass me some article on the table which typifies my character?

Prof. Gray, abstractedly, continuing his conversation with Mme. T—, passes the vinegar. Prof. Fanciulli is the handsomest man in the Nonparell Club. By his flowing, black beard, almost leonine in its unbarbered pro-fusion, he can be recognized a good mile away. He is a wonderfully strong sculler.

Depended on Circumstances [From the Burlington Free Press.] Chance Acquaintance-What are your politics,

Seedy Man (with a wistful look about the mouth —When I'm talking with a Democrat, sir, I'm a Labor party man, and when I meet a Republican I'm a Prohibitionist,

[From the Buffalo Express.] A New Hampshire woman has been arrested for smothering her babe. Doubtless she thought she had a right to be its smother.

Latest English. The above is the name of one of the most excellent of the high-grade brands of cigarettes made by us. No and extra fine. KINNEY TORACCO CO., sole manufacturers, New York.

rom Arthur! I wonder what he has to say for himself."

"Suppose you open it and see," said Max, looking up as Honor turned the letter over, and laughing at her wondering face.

"I like to prolong my pleasure by anticipation," she answered. "Do you guess it is "I like to prolong my pleasure by anticipation," she answered. "Do you guess it is to say that he is coming here, papa?"

"Yes, Miss Yankee, I guess it is."

She opened the letter and read it through.

"You are quite right, papa," she said.

"He is coming to morrow. Listen:

Drar Honor: You will be sorry to hear that I have again failed in my exam. I fearthat I shall never sit upon the woolsack, Break the news to uncle for me. He will be vexed naturally, but I really have tried, only there have been so many good things on at the theatres lately, which I could not miss; hence in a measure my failure.

There is another little matter. I have exceeded my allowance by three hundred, spent partly upon a new cob. I let the little mare fail the other day. She broke her knees, so, of course, is useless. It is very tiresome, but accidents will happen. For the rest of the money I cannot account. I thought I had kept well within bounds, but somehow I have made a mistake.

Give my love to uncle and Cousin Kaie, meet me at the station, and keep things baimy.

Your affectionate cousin. Arthur Stamer.

P. 8.—Shall be in by the 4.15 train on Thursday; don't forget to come.

VEGETABLE SOUP FOR DIXEY.

The Way He Ate it Was the Funniest Thing a Boston Man Ever Saw.

Dixey was talking to a group of friends the other night. The graceful comedian was in his most anecdotal, genial mood. He told

other night. The graceful comedian was in his most anecdotal, genial mood. He told one story which caused a perfect shout of laughter to reach the ears of various staid and uninterested citizens.

"When I was playing variety business in Boston, long ago," said Dixey, as though he were a centenarian, "I took my meals very irregularly, and was not by any means particular what kind of a restaurant I favored by my patronage.

"On one occasion I was due at the theatre before 8 o'clock, and found myself monstrously hungry with only about six minutes at my disposal for gastronomic purposes. I caught sight of a dimunitive eating-house—you would probably call it a dive—and hurrying into it, asked what they had.

"The soup seemed the least objectionable article on the bill of fare, and calling the dingy garcon, I entreated him with frenzied fervor to bring me a vegetable soup as soon as possible. He appeared with a muddy compound in due course, and leaning forward in the most plebeian fashion, I was soon engaged in ladling it in—that is the only expression I can use which will describe my method of disposing of the soup.

"I had eaten about half and was still hard at work when I felt a claimmy hand suddenly strike my neck, and in a second I was sputtering in the soup. Oh't the ineffable horror of carrots, the consummate disgust of cabbage, and the fearful loathing for barley that came upon my soul, as I lifted my bevegetabled face from the dish, and saw a great loutish man looking at me solemnly!

"Beg pardon,' he said, 'scuse me if I disturbed you.'

"The nerve of the man amused me, and as I attempted to remove the soup from my visage I felt amused.

"You ain't Dixey, I s'pose,' he said. I told him I had every reacon to inverient."

age I felt amused.

I attempted to remove the soup from my visage I felt amused.

"You ain't Dixey, I s'pose,' he said. I told him I had every reason to imagine I was.

"Gosh,' he said,' but can't you eat? My! I never saw anything like it. The funniest thing I've come across in a long while.'

"I'm glad I afford you amusement,' I said, trying to floor him with my plethoric dignity, as I rose and attempted to leave the place. It was a futile attempt.

"Young man,' said my tormentor, pinning me to the wall, 'if you'll stay in this place till I fetch three fellows I know, and we'll eat some more soup for them to see, I'll stand treat. They'll be tickled to death. My! can't you eat! It's the funniest I've come across in a long time.' By this time I was angry, and, pushing past my burly persecutor. I rushed from the restaurant, and, arriving at the theatre five minutes late, was soon before the public."

The last rose of summer went the way of all flowers some time ago. The geraniums have tarried awhile longer, but they too are going now. The beds of these beautiful plants, with their pink and scarlet howers, have remained up to this time to catch the eye as bright particular spots in the city parks, but now they are vanishing one by one. Those in Madison and Union squares disappeared several days ago and the accustomed eye searches for them in vain. Yesterday workmen were busy rooting up the plants from the beds in the City Hall Fark. A crowd surrounded each detachment of workmen and men, women and children jostled each other in their eagerness to get some of the plants which were given away in bunches of three or four. The plants were fine, luxuriant specimens, and many of them had glowing tuffs of blossoms at the head, just such specimens as make ornamental house plants for the whiter. Assistant District-Attorney De Lancey, Nicoli, who has a fondness for flowers, saw the plants being given away, and he sent an office boy out for a bunch. Many newaboys also secured bunches in the early afternoon, and might have been seen on Park row a few miners later pedditing the plants to pedestrians a first lowers some time ago. The geraniums have tar-

utes later peddling the plants to pedestrians at fiv cents aptece.

Dainties of the Market.

Prims rib roast, 18c.
Potterhouse steak, 22c. to 25c.
Sirioin steak, 18c.
Lag mutton, 18c. to 14c.
Lamb chops, 25c.
Lag veal, 25c.
Sweethread, 40c. pair.
Caives' heds, 15c.
Roast chicken, 20c. lb.
Brossed chicken, 20c. lb.
Dry picked turkeys, 18c. to
Cannas backs, 24 pair,
Grouse, 20c.
Ducka, 18c.
Cannas backs, 24 pair,
Rorouse, 21. 30 pair.
Teal, \$1 pair.
Teal,

Lima beans, 30c. quart.

Pompano, 40c. Lobsters, 12c. Why Everybody Likes Riker's Why Everybody Lines Rikers
Family Medicines and Tolley Requisites.
Because:
1st.—They do exactly what is expected of them in at east 95 cases out of 100, and the price, being sold at the determined the patent nesting the prices of the patent nesting the patent about one-half the prices charged to do all that is ex-trums, &c.

3d. Should they in any case fail to do all that is ex-pected of them you need only say, "This has not proved satisfactory," and your money will be cheerfully re-turned.

standard, and your money was accurate termed.

4th. Their preparations, without exception, are the most reliable, reasonable, satisfactory and best value of any manufacturer in the U. S. Send for their illustrated catalogue of family medicines and toilet requisites, which is mailed free on request.

Their goods are new for saje almost everywhere, or may be obtained direct from RIEKE & SON. Druggists and Mfg. Chemists, 353 6th ave., N. Y. Established 42 years.

Omaha Man-80 you are a Morm Kept a prisoner, I suppose?

Mornon Wife—Oh, no; you see no one is watching me now.

'Are you not under lock and key at home?"

'No, indeed. I go where I please and when I please."

please."
"Then, why on earth don't you run away?"
"I did think of it once, but my husband brought
me some Gentlie newspapers and after I read them
I changed my mind."
"En? What did you find in the newspapers?"
"Not much of anything except reports of divorces, crueity, neglect and wife-beatings."

Positively True,

Positively True,

It is a positive fact that the Capital and Labor Clothing Associatory; we better value for the money expended than can be had elsewhere, and they are slwaped discome now specialty in the way of a burgain for the beautiful chinchilla overcoat, lined throughout with black farmer's satin and well made, for \$4.00. Just think of it! Only \$4.00! It cannot be duplicated anywhere for less than \$15. They have only a few hundred of them, and as we must seen expect overcoat weather it is a rare chance to secure a great bargain. Many new styles have been added during the past week to their stock of suits and overcoats for Men, Youths, Boys and Children, at prices that must guarantee good satisfaction, but the stock and variety is so great that it is impossible to quote prices, and therefore only mention the price of our special bargain for this week, our \$4.00 evercoats. Don't fail to see it at the Capital and Labor Clothing Association, they bundred and fifty-one (551) 8th ave., between 37th and 88th sts., New York.

AHERN.-MICHAEL A. G. AHERN, Oct. 21, after

Funeral from his late residence, 445 Canal et., Sun

day, Oct. 23, 2 P. M., thence to Calvary Cemetery. Philadelphia papers please copy.

AMUSEMENTS. **CHARLES DICKENS**

will give his first Readings in America FROM HIS FATHER'S WORKS AT CHICKERING HALL, TUESDAY, OCT. 25, AT 8 P. M.

Tickets, with Reserved Sents, 75c., 81 and \$1.50. Now on sale at Chickering Hall. DOCKSTADER'S.

"SHAKRAPEARE OR BACON WHICH OF OLEVELAND'S WE-TERN THIP.
"NEW BARVLON "-FUNNIER THAN EVER.
DOCKSTADER'S "HASTY MAN."
NEW SONGS AND SINGERS.
GILT-EDGE MINSTRELSY.
Evenings, 5.30.

Baturday Matines, 2.35.

H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE, Prices, 10c.; Res. Seats, 20c. & 30c. MATINEES MON., WED. AND SAT.
THE WILBUR OPERA CO.
Reportoire—Mon. and Tucs.—"Merry War." Wed. and
Thurs.—"Grand Duchess." Fr. and Sat. "GrodieGrodia." Oct. 24—Edwin Arden's "Eagle Nest."

Union square theatre. "THE HENRIETTA IS BOOMING."

ROBSON AND CRANE, THE HENRIETTA.

EVENINGS, 8.15. SATURDAY MATINEE, 2.

14 TH STREET THEATRE. Oor, this ave.
Matines Saturday only during this engagement.
LAST WEEK OF
MINNIE PALSER.
In her designing double bill.
THE KING AND THE KEEPER MY SWEETHEART.
Oct. 24.—GEO. S. KNIGHT, in RUDOLPH, Baron

won Hollenstein.

WALLACK'S.
Last two nights and last matines,
THE MOUSE TRAP.
MONDAY EVENING—First time in this theatre of
Robertson's Besuitful Comedy.
CANTE,
Produced under the personal supervision of
T. W. ROBERTSON.

T. W. ROBERTSON.

CHICKERING HALL.

THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING, Oct. 21, at 8.

MR. ROBERT GOLDBECK, Planist.

SATURDAY MATINER, Oct. 22, at 2.

MR. ALEX, LAMBERT, Planist.

Admission, \$1.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

CLARA MORRIS.

To-night, RENEE, ico-morrow (mat. & evening) ALIXE.

Next Week—Thatcher, Primpose and West.

Next Sunday—Prof. Crowwell will librarate.

BREILIN, HOME OF THE KAISER WILLIAM.

A CADEMY OF MURIC. 14th st. and Irving place
5TH WIEEK. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2.
Elaborate production of the latest London Meiodrams.

A DARK SECRET.

Reserved seats, 50c., 75c., 21. Family circle, 25c.

BUNNELL'S OLD LONDON MUREUM.

Broadway.—Continuous entertainment from noon

BUNNELLYS OLD LONDON MUNKUM,
BUNNELLYS OLD LONDON MUNKUM,
BUNNELLYS OLD LONDON MUNKUM,
BUNNELLYS OLD LONDON MUNKUM,
MIDGETS, GIANTS, WONDERS,
Admission, 25 cents, Children, 10 cents,
BLOU OPERA HOUSE—"CORSAIR."
Evenings at 8, Mats, Wed, and Sat. at 2,
RICE'S BURLESQUE COMPANY
In a Grand Production of the Spectacular Burlesque,
CORSAIR.

5TH AVE. THEATRE.
Evenings at 8, Saturday Matinee at 2,
MRS, LANGUTRY.

D Evenings at 8. Saturday Matines at 2.

MR4. LANG TRY
accompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORK and her own company in her grand products
AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

STAR THEATRE, Broadway and 13th at.
Evenings as S. Satorday Matiness at 2.
JOSEPH JEFFERSON
As BOB ACRES in THE RIVALS,
Seats now up sale for next week. STARTHEATRE.
MR. HENRY INVING.
MISS ELLEN TERRY
and the LYCEUM COMPANY in
"FAUST."

POOLE'S THEATRE, Sth st., near 4th ave.
Admission—10c., 20c. Reserved—50c.
The Madison Square HAZEL KIRKE.
Matiness—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday,
Next week—TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM. LYCEUM THEATRE 6th sys, and 23d. a.

HE GREAT PINK PEARL. AND EDITIA'S

THE GREAT PINK PEARL. BURGLAR.

THALIA, TO-NIGHT, AND SATURDAY Matines,
Heinrich Bostel, "Il Trovatore," Baturday—Junkermagu, "Aus der Franzosenzeit." threw them into the basket at his side; then he closed the desk, unlocked the door and went back to the breakfast-room with Honor's

album.

He found his daughter there.

"I have finished my work, papa," she said; "now let us take a walk around the garden, unless you are going to write."

"No, my dear, the novel is finished; I shall not begin another just yet."

"Finished is it, papa? When do you find time to write? Do you sit up at night?"

He half turned his head away.
"Sometimes, my beauty."

time to write? Do you sit up at night?"
He half turned his head away.
"Sometimes, my beauty."
"But you ought not to; you will make yourself ill, and then you won't be able to work at all. Papa, you must be very rich; we spend a great, great deal of money."
"Do we, pet? Well, so long as we have it to spend, it does not matter, does it? Suppose you get your habit on, little one, it is just the morning for a canter."
So the horses were brought round, and in a few moments Honor was realy; her father lifted her into the saddle and arranged her habit, though the grooms were waiting. It was easy to see that though Max Selwyn's heart was kind to all the world, his great love, perhaps his only love, was given to his daughter. He gathered the reins up and placed them in her hands, then springing into his saddle, dismissed the grooms.
"We would rather he alone would we not

then springing into his saddle, dismissed the grooms.

"We would rather be alone, would we not, pet?" he said, and she just nodded her head as the horses broke into a canter.

They spoke little; it is only lovers who manage when riding to exchange "soft nothings." Now and then they drew one another's attention to some special beauty of nature, but the clatter of their horses' hoofs as they struck upon the road, the wind whispering through the trees and the rustling of the leaves was enough to listen to. Sometimes they paused upon an eminence to look down upon the densely wooded country, and the tiny streams trickling like threads of liquid silver through the green grass; but better they loved to urge their horses faster and faster, till the passing air almost took their breath away.

faster, till the passing sir almost took their breath away.

Max Selwyn had not always been a rich man. Before his wife died, eighteen years ago, he had been a clerk in a city merchant's office, earning a slender salary of £100 a year; but he had always loved luxury—poverty was hateful to him. And when he saw his delicate wife dying slowly, because she could not have the care and nourishment she required, he swore that at whatever cost he would be rich.

Honor was born just one week before her mother died; then Kate Nolan came to live with her cousin. Soon after Max Selwyn's first novel was published and took the world by storm.

[Continued in Saturday's Events World.]

FORCES IN THE LOCAL FIGHT.



VERY voter naturally

for information concerning candidates. Leaders of the United Labor party are proud



heads, stooping down to the tiny terrier:

live and dream in-to weave his fancies into book form. Stillness and repose seemed to strike you discovered

"I know, Kate," he returned, in a tone of apology; "but really, I could hardly do otherwise than ask them, after their kindness. It was the Countess herself who suggested that they should come to-day. I am sure you will like them; do not be cross with me, Kate."

"Cross?"

broke a great red rose from off its mother tree and handed it to her; her fingers shook as she took it, and he laughed a low, musical

I should not require any done."

"I should not require any done."
He looked at Kate closely and she averted her face, over which the sensitive color had stolen, shrinking from his gaze and the girl's as she bent to gather a flower.

"You would do it yourself, would you?"
Honor went on persistently, with a saucy smile. "I think I see you! Not you, sir; you would expect me to; and not one line, not one single word would I write. If you kill Cousin Kate you shall never have an opportunity of killing me. I'll make a stand when you come with the first little insinu-

"Cruel, inhuman child!"

RIPPLES FROM THE HARLEM.

George J. Eltz, "Handsome George," strokes the Union four oared shells, senior

champions of the river. When it's too cold

champions of the river. When it's too cold to row George tumbles and throws summer-saults in Wood's gymnasium in a charmingly graceful way. He's strong as a Percheron yearling, and very fond of speculating in

Cool-headed Ed. Knickerbocker,

Dauntless bow-man, has lately fallen victim to an overwhelming misfortune. Some enemy lately sold him a hideous pale-gray,

long-brimmed rowing hat that drags under the rollers of his sliding seat, and occasion ally dumps him overboard. He is hopelessly addicted to the hat, though, and can't be

"Cruel, inhuman child!"

"No, papa, self-preservation is the first law of nature. I do not know what the second and third ones are, but I thoroughly believe in the first. Now promise me, on your honor," she broke into a little laugh, "that you will give Cousin Kate a rest."

"Until the proofs are sent, I promise."

"And can you not even do them alone? Well, I would be ashamed. When I am an author, I shall do all my own work. author, I shall do all my own work—every bit. Now you may kiss me, sir, and come into breakfast. Cousin Kate, I have yet to

"So we are to have our bad penny back— plucked again," the girl said, looking up and laughing. "Papa, what allowance do you make Arthur?" make Arthur?"

"More than enough," Max answered, "so he exceeds it. Well, well, young men will be young men. Youth is short, life is fleeting, let the boy enjoy himself." be young men. Fouth is short, file is necting, let the boy enjoy himself."

"Then I may assure him that things are balmy?"

"Certainly. I never scolded in my life. Talk to Arthur, if you like, Honor. Remind him that I shall not always be alive to supply him with luxuries and pleasures with a stroke of my pen; but assure him that, with all his imperfections on his head, I shall welcome life as warmly as ever."

asked of a servant. im as warmly as ever.' him as warmly as ever."
"Papa, you are too good for this world."
For a moment a look of pain and sorrow crossed the handsome face.
"You think too well of me, darling," he "No, miss."
"Nor the papers?"

"You think too well or me, darling," he answered, almost sadly.

He rose from the breakfast-table as he spoke, crossed the room, and he took up a thin book from off a distant table.

"You must get the Earl and Countess to write something in your album, Honor," he said, turning the leaves slowly with his long white fingers. "You have not made man."

white fingers. "You have not made many additions lately."

"No, papa," she answered, crossing the room and standing by his side; "I am getting a little tired of it, and everyone writes such rubbish."

"Perhaps the Earl may be an exception to the rule." the rule."
"Perhaps; but he does not look

though he could write good poetry, does he? Perhaps he draws; I'll ask him to make me a sketch. I am going to unpack the flowers

a sketch. I am going to unpack the flowers now."

She left the room, entering another where a number of vases and a white wooden box stood upon a table. The lid had been removed. She lifted some wool and took out the delicate blossoms which it contained. There were flowers in plenty in the garden, but not such ones as these. With tender fingers Honor arranged them, her eyes sparkling with joy at their beauty. They must have cost a great deal. Evidently Max Selwyn was a very rich man.

He sat still in the breakfast-room, turning over the leaves of Honor's album, a slight over the leaves of Honor, a slight frown upon his face; presently he paused and read with interest some extremely bad poetry addressed to Honor, and seemed to consider; then he rose from his seat, and, taking the book with him, went to his study;

at the door he met Kate.
"What did I get for the last novel?" he "What did I get for the last novel?" he asked, pausing "Three thousand pounds," she answered, "Was that all? It is very little! What am I to have for this?"

Four."
"To be paid when?" "To be paid when?"
"On receipt of complete copy; the check will be forwarded to morrow probably. Are you in want of money, Max?"
"No, no, Kate; what a question, dear. I am a rich man—rich enough apart from what the books bring. It is the fame which they bring me that I prize—not the money. Were you coming to my study."

you coming to my study?"
"Yes, Max. Will you run through those

chapters now?"
"Certainly, dear." He drew her into the room, placed a chair for her, then read the manuscripts through quickly, standing at her side. "What a good girl you are," he said, as he finished, and he stooped and kissed the broad, high brow. "Do you ever wish, Kate that you got the fame for these things over which you take so much trouble?"

"No," she answered; "but it pleases me for you to have it. Are you satisfied, Max?"

"Onlike dear."

"Quite, dear."
"Then I'll send it off at once."
"Do. Don't think me rude if I ask you to eave me now, I have something rather par-icular to do." She looked at him wistfully with her weird, pathetic eyes, but turned quietly to leave him as he desired.

him as he desired.

He opened the door for her, smiled at her as she passed out, then turned the key in the lock and sat down at the table; next he looked his letters through again, and the troubled look came back to his face.

"I had better wait a day or two," he said, under his breath; "I must wait."

He paused, tore the letters into shreds and